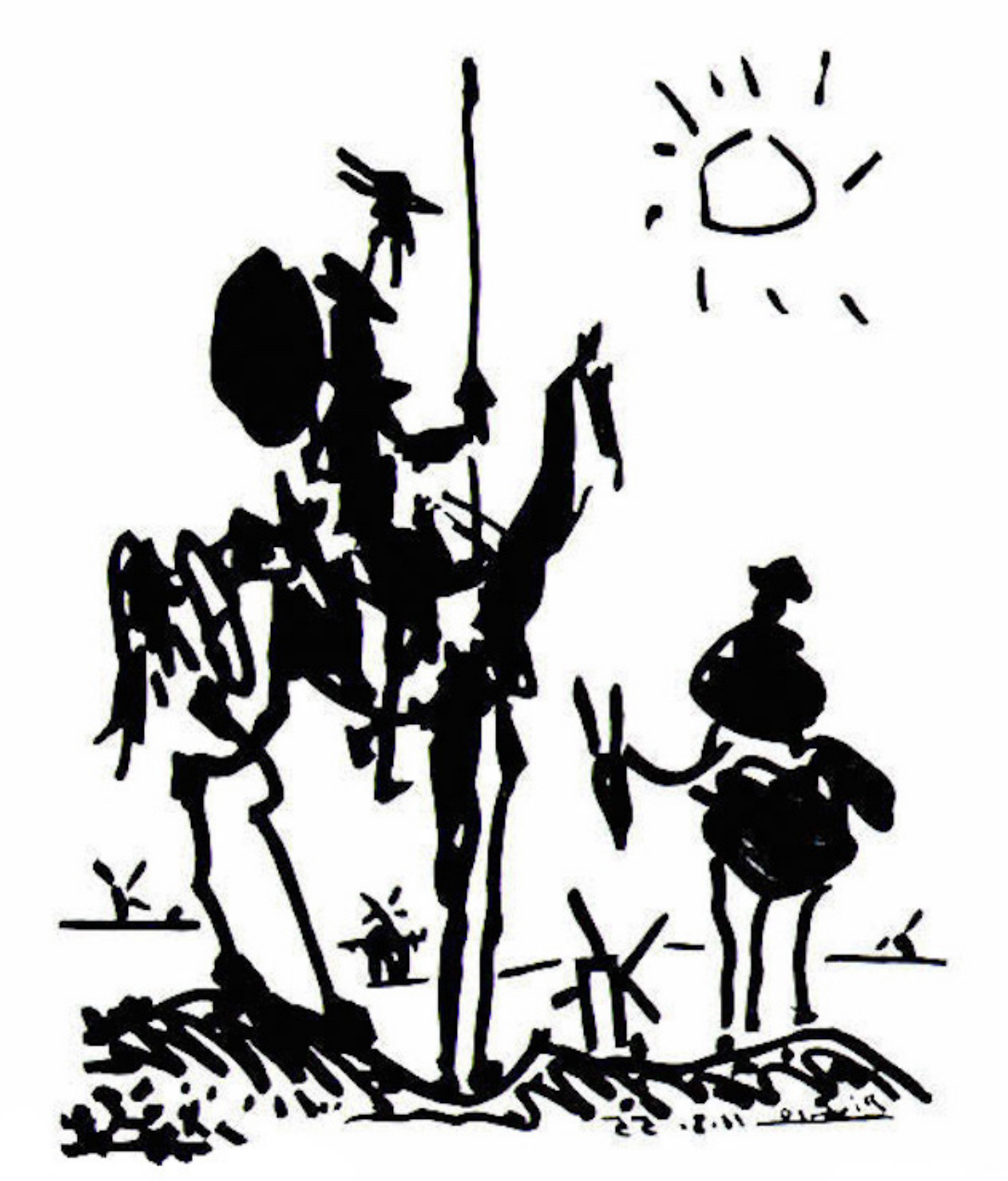
Frames of Reference

Peering Through the Windows of Perception



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
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Michael J. Holshouser
1112 Cedar Creek Drive, Unit 4
Modesto, California 95355-5213
The United States of America
mjholshouser@gmail.com

Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

Every sentient being from small to great has its own sensory perception of what we call a universe. Are any really the universe, or are they all merely swirling willy-nilly in the grand relativity of the great unknowable? An unknowable, in which only the agnostic wander freely. Herein are an assortment of ponderings upon these frames of reference, these windows of perception, which all fathom very much alone in their own unique way.

This work is blogged at:

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor

miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Translation, translate, translating.

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs 2018
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Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
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Imagination: The Great Usurper
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Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
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Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
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Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
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Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
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Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
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The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
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59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
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Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
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The Mystery of the Mystery
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The Real is Discovering
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To Be, or Not to Be
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Who Was the First?
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The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
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Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
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Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
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Jester Amok
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https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
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Once Upon a Christmas
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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
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Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Frame of Reference Defined

frame of reference | frām əv, ə ˈref(ə)rəns |
noun

a set of criteria or stated values
in relation to which measurements or judgments can be made:
the observer interprets what he sees in terms of his own cultural frame of reference.

• (also reference frame) a system of geometric axes
in relation to which measurements of size, position, or motion can be made.

The Stillness Before Time

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve very much alone in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space-time, of consciousness with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading; one that attempts to look beyond humanity's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions, one that values insight and wisdom, one that elevates rather than detracts, one that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations to create solutions to problems all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped that time and space do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises and compromising, shortsighted decisions.

Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs each and every one of us envision, translate differently. Thoughts of god or gods, love, morality, money, tradition, politics, ad infinitum, inspire a myriad of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, fantasy, make-believe, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, they are lead dancer in their chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual mind plays out incalculable variations of the passion born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset fabricates in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything but through the conditioned choices of imagination that some call free will. Those who discern their own law see this manifest play far differently than those who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature to become that to which they aspire; intuitively, spontaneously free to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the drama to which all are witness. It is a vision so infinite as to include each and every one of us, along with all the other myriad life forms across the planet, as its source.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective delusional ignorance, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following insincere leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, greedy, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline as true human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures great and small, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am to which mystics across the world throughout time point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough to see that ethereal thing called truth is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all to see that every form born of space-time is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes.

M

Got God?

Do You believe in God? If so, describe what You mean by that?

Godness is the "I am That I Am" within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every drama imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind, the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how You slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If You were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo though the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do You believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If You really have faith, do You need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience You have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is source to all creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything from the smallest particle of an atom to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as seen through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning

garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements are born of the illusion of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of Self, witness to the reality and unreality of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world, and the inherent rights of all creatures great to small. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as You would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what You have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those You serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if You intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that You cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which You are so attached.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

17

Are we any more than recordings,
Playing our minds over and over and over again?
Try saying or doing something really outside your box, if You can.
No matter how great or small, profound or foolish,
Every frame of reference has a frame.

59

You see only what You perceive.
You see only what You know.
You see only what You believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.

96

Those capable of thinking outside their box, well know its every nook and cranny.
Every frame of reference inflates from one nature-nurture origin or another.

99

Every witness taps into the unknown,
With a filtered vision, an incomplete frame of reference.
And thus dogma, and its seemingly countless mischiefs, so often takes root.
Ever a cautionary tale.

121

Why be bound by the limitations,
Of the frame of reference of any other,
When You are truly beyond all.

207

Every mind its own shifting quagmire of heaven and hell,
Based on a frame of reference, ever born of imagination.

209

Any given universe is but a neurological array;
An indelible mystery, no matter how it is framed.

246

Every sage across the world, across time,
Integrates the language, the geographic assumptions,
The frame of reference, from which s/he hails.
So many ways to say the same thing.

332

What paradigm, what frame of reference, can ever encompass You?

338

At some point for many, if not all,
The mortal frame stops being as fun a place.
Replaced by a sense of endurance, tolerance, sufferance,
Forbearance, patience, acceptance, resignation. forbearance, acceptance.
Of resignation slathered in stoicism.

350

Who knows what incredible mysteries may reside,
On other worlds, in other dimensions, of this vast quantum matrix?
You must rely on your own frame of reference, to hypothesize all possibilities possible,
Yet how can any ever be anything but You, whatever the guise?

357

All translation must be observed with a dubious, discerning eye;
Especially the interpreter, the sorter, the filter, in your own inured mind.
Everything You perceive, translates through the biases of your frame of reference;
Entirely subjective, entirely slanted, entirely unique, entirely idiosyncratic, entirely alone.
Step back from your conditioning, and realize, from the dispassionate view of the quantum matrix,
That your entire existence, from womb to grave, is all nothing more than the huff and puff of imagination.

362

No mortal frame can be preserved in this ever-changing theater.
It, and the personality to which imagination is so attached,
Must inevitably, as all forms do, dissolve from the stage,
On which it has so sincerely, and with such passion, played.

386

How predictable it is for any given monkey-mind,
To disparage, to resent, to even hate,
The countless things,
Outside its finite frame of reference.

387

What someone said, what somewhat heard,
What are the odds that anyone, no matter how nimble,
Ever really entirely grasps any other's frame of reference, spot on?

388

The you, You so earnestly imagine You are,
Is naught but a synergy of everyone and everything,
Ever compiled in your brief, very temporal frame of reference.

395

We all share the same awareness,
The same reverie of time and space,
Yet each and every one is utterly unique.
All frames of reference are relative,
Until what is seen is no more.
All judgment is absurd.

414

All our imaginary universes are built within frames of reference molded by experience.
Each of us can only see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel,
What minds have been conditioned to discern and realize.
The ineffable mystery, is vessel for all.

486

The frame of reference, that bag of knowledge, that stew of perception,
Is but a phantasm of consciousness, a.k.a., imagination.
What You really are is prior to it all.
Discern it, and be as free as the moment allows.

490

No one is truly free in this mortal human paradigm.
Ultimately, all are bound by one frame of reference or another.
Bound by geography, culture, religion, language, gender, conditioning, events,
Capacities and limitations, ambition, opportunities, ad infinitum.
Like it or no, that is how the genetic lottery rolls.

491

Every mind imagines a world to which its nature-nurture,
Its capacities and limitations, its frame of reference, subscribes.
No one can be more or less than what the genetic lottery has allotted.
Any rubber band, no matter how elastic, can only stretch so far.

499

What is any history but what some storyteller's imaginary frame of reference,
Coupled with the translation of your frame of reference.
Very dubious from the get-go.

500

What is any given mind but a set, a bag, an array, of programming.
A circulating loop of habituation, conditioning, brainwashing.
A frame of reference believing its thoughts real and true,
Its manufactured identity sacrosanct and enduring.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Leftovers

What can anyone hold onto, but a collection of imaginary notions,
Created by the frame of reference, founded upon one's conditioning?

* * * *

What universe do You perceive, but the one You project,
Through the frame of reference, You imagine yourself to be.

* * * *

Nobody can ever know what You have gone through, what You have experienced,
What You have perceived, what You have endured, in your trail of agony and ecstasy.
Nor can You more than guess at any other's version of their world, their universe.
We are all as alone together, as ships passing in some nebulous moonlit night,
Only as known as any given insight, any frame of reference, might allow.

* * * *

Each of us with our own unique universe; each of us with our own unique world view.
Each of us with our own unique set, our own unique frame of reference, that we all deem normal.
Each of us perceiving through the untold filters of our time-bound nature-nurture matrix.
Each of us forever here now, forever absolute, forever indivisible, forever alone.

* * * *

The only difference between any You and me, is a seemingly different eye,
Wired into a different central processing unit, programed with a different frame of reference,
Wandering different matrices born of imagination: all alone, together.
We call it life, existence, but what is it, really?

* * * *

To what are You ultimately attached, but the conditioning,
Of a mind each and every moment consuming, translating, a sensory feed,
Through the filters of a time-bound frame of reference, inspired by the given nature-nurture.

* * * *

What You discern, what You glean, from your world, from your universe,
Is but a reflection of the frame of reference, the filter, doing the translating.

* * * *

The filters of any given monkey-mind, in its imperfect frame of reference, are all about measuring,
Estimating, summarizing, evaluating, calculating, labeling, stereotyping, judging.
But it is the choices made in action and deed, that sculpt the day.

* * * *

You have never seen your own face, You have never seen your own body.

How could your frame of reference, ever be the same as anyone else's?

* * * *

Your illusory cosmos is your teacher; it is your frame of reference.
It is an interminable streaming of faces and places and every variety of form.
It is all the creatures from small to large; it is galaxies beyond what any eye can see.
It is words and numbers and sounds and symbols, and whatever else consciousness colludes.
It is the imaginary mind, it is the imaginary you, it is the imaginary not you.
And through it all, the ubiquitous awareness, You truly are.
Ever the ever-present, solitary witness.

* * * *

You peruse these many thoughts,
But how You translate them,
Is entirely based on the frame of reference,
Through which your time-bound mortal dream timelessly filters.

* * * *

Everyone and everything in your entire existence, from the first breath to the last;
Be they family, friends, acquaintances, adversaries, or strangers;
Be it Star Wars Legos or a Lamborghini;
Is a footnote in your ever-expanding frame of reference.

* * * *

The personal mind, the quantum mind, the cosmic mind, the eternal mind, the no-mind,
Are all the same ephemeral awareness, the same witness, the same Youness.
Really nothing more than alternating frames of consciousness,
Filtering as the whimsical moment inclines.

* * * *

Point of reference, frame of reference, box of reference, matrix of reference, hologram of reference.
From small to large, each and every mind fabricates a unique rendering of a universe,
All ultimately nothing more than the endless spinnings of imagination.

* * * *

Observe the mind and its many thoughts.
What are they but a muddle of conditioned patterning,
Established upon whatever perceptions, whatever frame of reference,
Imagination has arbitrarily devised, in the winds of the given nature-nurture dreamtime.

* * * *

No matter the speculation, no matter the assertion, it always ends up being the same inexplicable mystery.
So, what is the point of endlessly arguing, much less slaying others, who will never see it the same.
Discern the tranquility of an agnostic framelessness of mind, and render that your harbor.

* * * *

What is any worldview, any frame of reference, any paradigm,
But an imaginary state, to which the mind every moment clings.

* * * *

What can any human being, no matter the time, no matter the geography, ever really experience,
But their own unique egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric sensory universe?
That which is perceived through their unique nature-nurture frame of reference.
Every part and particle of it, born entirely of subjective, self-absorbed, imaginary notion.

* * * *

Everything You experience every moment;
Everything You see, You hear, You smell, You touch, You taste,
Augments the frame of reference, from which this mystery is eternally witnessed.

* * * *

A frame of reference is an ever-expanding rolodex of any given universe,
From which insight freely draws, whenever the busy-busy mind,
Wanders into contemplation of any rhyme and reason.

* * * *

Are You required to contemplate the world, to reflect upon the human paradigm?
Or is it merely the repetitive groove, the arduous furrow, of an educated, cultivated,
Indoctrinated, habituated, programmed, conditioned, brainwashed, frame of reference?

* * * *

Most human beings are absurdly happy, absurdly content,
With their given conditioning, their given frame of reference, their given idolatry.
To be a seer, critical thinking is required – and doubt, disbelief, skepticism, cynicism, are rare attributes.
No point in trying to debate, to persuade, to convert, any true believer.
All must ultimately discern truth alone, in their own way.
In other words, mind your own awareness.

Soundbites

All operate in one frame of reference or another.

* * * *

What is a frame of reference but any given life's statistical sample.

* * * *

Arguing over which imaginary conceptual framework is better, how pointless is that?

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are you, but an imaginary, conditioned frame of reference.

* * * *

What is your frame of reference but the universe in which You abide.

Breadcrumbs

Is the scribe madder than any hatter,
Or is your frame of reference,
Your statistical sample,
Just too small?

* * * *

Just pointing out what seem obvious to this frame of reference.

* * * *

Mixin' and matchin' from ye old frame of reference.
A wild and wanton maelstrom, from which these many ditties,
Bubble into beingness, in the double-double-toil-and-trouble of it all.

* * * *

I am every filter the capacities and limitations of this mind will allow into its frame of reference.
Philosopher, scientist, historian, anthropologist, psychologist, sociologist,
Politician, warrior, and on and on the list daily grows.

* * * *

'Tis the un-followers who I quest,
The ones who are able to endure alone,
And discern things clearly with their own eye.
Our frames of reference may well be universes apart,
But we will ever fathom truth enough the same, to be at peace.

* * * *

The reality is, any given reader may or may not, comprehend these thoughts as they were meant.
The reflections offered are ever subject to the frame of reference of the observer.
No thinker, no philosopher, can ever presume his or her views,
Will not be used for unintended purpose.

* * * *

It took a fair amount of time, in earth years, to figure out my calling in this mortal play.
Which, of course, afforded a much-enhanced frame of reference (a.k.a., more writing material),
From which to lucidly and insightfully articulate the revelation of this eye, to an all but empty auditorium.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Leftovers

People come and go in your existence in every imaginable way, from sweet to tepid to bitter.
The brew can be intoxicating or depressing, memorable or scarcely remembered.
But all contribute to your frame of reference, your wily bag of tricks.
Your memories ranging from passionate to indifferent.
From affection to mourning to loathing.
The swirl of thoughts in your mind is but a dream,
But how You perceive it, how You comprehend it, is how You roll.

* * * *

Never too late to enlighten that self-absorbed horizon,
That small frame of reference, that perspective born of limitation,
To which so many so narcissistically, so hedonistically, so mindlessly, cling.

* * * *

The ego, the id, the superego, the character, the persona, the self – call it what You will –
Is nothing more than the sum of imagination's attachments to all the memories, all the perceptions,
All the recordings in which it harbors, the frame of reference to which it invariably clings.
The echoing that plays over and over as identity, as individuality, as exceptional.
The inexplicable saga born of evolution, the I-am-this-I-am-not-that,
In which the human paradigm perpetually finds fusion.

* * * *

Every time You awaken from a long night's peaceful slumber, or even a pithy siesta,
Your nature-nurture frame of reference reimagines its temporal rendering of the cosmos,
A quantum mystery that has churned quite efficiently, quite effortlessly, while You were absent.

* * * *

What are so-called good and evil,
But relative states of self-absorption, imaginary all the while.
Different states of consciousness, founded on different values, different frames of reference.
None of which, are in any way lasting or meaningful, in the eye of awareness.

* * * *

The frame of reference gradually enhances with everything You do.
It is the mash for your still of ever-bubbling wisdom,
The brew of the intelligent mind.

* * * *

Fashioned by consciousness in the ever-kaleidoscoping theater of space and time,
We all together, each in our own unique frame-of-reference way,
Are co-creating, co-preserving, co-destroying.

Breadcrumbs

It is the long and winding journey
Through so many different frames of reference
That has spiced up this seemingly endless collection of thoughts.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Leftovers

Many things are said and written,
But it is You who must translate them,
As your frame of reference deigns.

* * * *

How can I see anything your way? How can You see anything my way?
Our frames of reference are entirely unique; we are all very much alone together.
At best we choose to imagine each other's worlds through intuitive extrapolation of our own.
No sure bet, even with the most expansive of minds, with the best of intentions.

* * * *

What is all the knowledge, what is all the wisdom,
What are all the frames of reference, throughout this garden,
Without the unfathomable, indivisible, indelible, boundless awareness?
The unknown, the ineffable, from which all things ascend.

* * * *

All that experience, all that knowledge, all that accumulation,
The entire frame of reference from which You draw your cosmos,
What is its real purpose but to get You to this very right-here-right-now,
The most You can be, the most You have ever been, the most You will ever be.
There is no more, but what the endless cravings of imagination concoct.

* * * *

The You that You dream You are, is but a set of perceptions.
A collection of memories, a frame of reference, a grab bag of attributes,
Imagining your character real, your body real, your world real, your universe real.
Real being nothing more than an ever-changing quantum illusion,
Mesmerizing the awareness equally permeating all.

* * * *

No matter how much You think You know, how large your frame of reference,
There is so-to-the-power-of-n much more that You do not, never will, never can.

* * * *

The Seven Deadly Sins: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth;
Each triggers its own unique gratification, its own distinct hormonal stimulation.
Look around and witness the countless extremes so many across the board
Are in their nature-nurture frame of reference inspired to experience.

Soundbites

Is anyone really any more than a frame of reference playing its record over and over?

* * * *

So much in so many young minds, and little frame of reference to process it.

* * * *

The frame of reference is the fertilizer of existence.

* * * *

Life is a ceaseless process of reframing the frame of reference.

* * * *

No matter how great or small, any frame of reference is still a frame.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Leftovers

There are no teachers, no coaches, no masters.
It is You who chooses to school your Self.
It is You who chooses to learn, or not to learn.
It is You who chooses to study, to observe, to realize.
It is You who chooses to put together an imaginary cosmos.
It is You who creates the frame of reference in which You will abide.

* * * *

All sense of self is but imaginary notion born of an evolutionary context.
Awareness, ever-present, without frames or boundaries, is the only reality.

Soundbites

Memory is the wellspring of consciousness, as dictated by the frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs

My Back Pages

by Michael Holshouser

A personal preface to Mark Bava's essay – My Back Pages – about growing up as farm boys in the small rural town of Hughson during the 50's and 60's written for the 2007 Centennial:

I was born and raised in the small rural community of Hughson, California, working my way from kindergarten through high school with a little over a hundred peers at all four school sites: Hughson Elementary, Lebright Middle School, Emily J. Ross Junior High, and Hughson Union High School. For the first seven years of my life, our family of four (Horace, Beverly, and a sister, Ann, a little less than two years younger) lived on what was then a cul-de-sac on the east end of Pine Street. When my widowed grandfather, Horace Senior, married Martha Sinclair in 1960 and moved to her place, we moved to the thirty-acre family peach ranch on Hatch Road.

Suddenly, I was a farm boy living in an old wooden ranch house a mile northwest of town, and life changed dramatically. Within a year I was driving an old gray and battered Ferguson TE20 tractor, spring-toothing and putting up and taking down levies; staying up all night irrigating opening and closing gates, listening the water trickle toward the ends of checks with my father; hoeing weeds and pulling suckers off walnut trees interplanted between the peach trees; grading peaches during harvest, and picking up props at day's end; walking rain or shine with my sister to the Mountain View bus stop a quarter mile away; watching three channels of black and white television reruns in the front living room; digging underground tunnel hideaways covered with plywood; shooting birds in the bushes and fish in the canal with a BB gun; climbing trees and frolicking with dogs and cats; exploring an aluminum corrugated shed filled with tools and whatever; wandering the surrounding countryside planted with planted with peaches,

walnuts, almonds, and grapes; converting the second floor of the tank house into a fully-stocked-with-dirt-clods fortress keep; driving a Willy's post-World War II civilian jeep on a winding and dusty orchard-wide racetrack with my little dog, Jerry, sitting in the passenger seat; sobbing my eyes out on a hot day digging a shallow grave in the roadside orchard, burying Macho, who had finally chased one too many trucks on the busy Hatch Road; carrying out pitched dirt clod sorties with other farm boys, and playing rousing games of tag with them all summer in the canal just across the road at the Tully Road bridge and upstream falls. It was a Mississippi out the front door, and a jungle out the back one. A blend of Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn and Rudyard Kipling's Mowgli, without a Pap Finn or Shere Khan.

Breadcrumbs: Life Resume
http://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_68.html

Breadcrumbs: Photo Gallery
http://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_17.html

Ferguson Tractor, Old Commercial
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ELQgEa_JXJQ

Willys Jeep Commercial
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u7Sle8X4EZM

And the thing to realize about all the physicality of those younger years, is that all the pain and bother – all the hot and cold, all the choking dust driving the tractor, all the gnats and itchy peach fuzz grading peaches, all the splinters picking up props, all the cuts and scratches and tears and bruises and crunches and burns handling equipment, and all the tedious long hours of all of the above – is that the discipline to finish a task, the capacity to endure suffering, the ability to one-step-after-another abide a mundane pace, as well as the recognition of the intrinsic relationship with nature, have all played a huge underlying role in the life lived since. Gumption, grit, resilience, stamina, ingenuity, dependability, steadfastness, critical thinking, problem-solving, and can-do-it-will-do-it attitude, are concepts that ring true in this mind. And are significant factors in the evolution of the frame of reference that has sculpted the philosophical-mystical writings that have poured out since 1989.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

Where this nomadic mind wanders, I can only say, I can only write,
And You can only discern to the reaches of your frame of reference.

* * * *

You may have heard what someone was saying,
But how closely were You really listening?
How closely were You really engaging?
How accurately were You really interpreting?
How broad, how wide, how deep, is your frame of reference?

* * * *

What translation can ever fully grasp the scribe's vision,
And the frame of reference from which it was dictated?

* * * *

A frame of reference is a stew, a blend, a fusion, a union, a brew, a mélange,
A double-double-toil-and-trouble-fire-burn-and-caldron-bubble,
That the fate, the destiny, the kismet, the nature-nurture,
Has through happenstance-happenchance,
In imagination played.

* * * *

If You could travel back in space-time to a variety of life events, would You see them the same?
Would they seem fairly similar to your vague memories, or be almost entirely rewritten?
And how different would they be if You were to re-watch them every decade or so?
Memory being what it is, frame of reference being what it is, chances are good,
That your perspective, your assessment, might well be different each and every time.

* * * *

The incessant recording the inner voice plays over and over in your mind
Is the conditioning of your frame of reference, your nature-nurture programming.
Naught but an algorithm born of genetic design … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Everything is unequivocally relative to everything else.
Every mind-body, every frame of reference is a universe unto its Self.
No two are ever alike, and none will ever envision any other's but through their own.

Soundbites

Any translation is an outcome of the translator's frame of reference.

* * * *

Frame of reference, rolodex of reference.

Breadcrumbs

What translation can ever fully grasp the scribe's vision,
And the frame of reference from which it was dictated?

* * * *

Where this nomadic mind wanders, I can only say, I can only write,
And You can only discern to the reaches of your frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Leftovers

Conscience is what the given nature-nurture frame of reference allows.
Conscience is what the given nature-nurture frame of reference can bear.

* * * *

Language is the mechanism that imagination uses in ways and means beyond counting,
To bind the awareness in every contortion that frames of reference manage to contrive.

* * * *

Imagine having never smelled a smell.
Imagine having never tasted a flavor.
Imagine having never seen an image.
Imagine having never heard a sound.
Imagine having never felt a sensation.
Imagine any combination of the above.
What would your frame of reference be?
What would your world, your universe, be?

* * * *

If You are unable to decipher American English, circa Year 2000, Anno Domini-Common Era,
Specifically, California Great Central Valley, with a Germanic, Midwestern-Southern, lingual mélange,
You will, alas, more than likely have great difficulty reading even a few pages of this manifesto.
For all languages require frame of reference compatibility, to be even partially grasped.
So, be wary of all translations, should such an unlikely thing ever come to pass.

* * * *

Many philosophical works, from all times, from all geographies, have been translated into many tongues.
Which means, what readers are reading, is subjective interpretation of an author's original intentions.
Some works have been strained through several languages, through several frames of reference.
So, who knows if any of those who inquire, have at all gleaned, what was initially written.
And that assumes, of course, that the rendition of the original storyteller can be trusted.

* * * *

By the time You recognize anything – a sight, a sound, a smell, a taste, a sensation – it is long gone,
And your frame of reference is interpreting the perceptions recorded along the mind's neuron trails.
What we call existence is really nothing more than a constant rehash of yesterday's song and dance.

* * * *

You see only see what You perceive.
You see only see what You know.
You see only see what You believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.
Patterns born of the mystery prior to all.

* * * *

You will harvest from these and other thoughts, other insights,
Whatever it is, You are most ready to learn, most ready to discern.
You may want to pass by another time or so down the winding trail.
To see what else might be gleaned, what else might be fathomed,
As the frame of reference gradually flowers more expansively.

* * * *

Memories are the world You carry,
The universe You hold to be real and true,
The frame of reference to which You feel so entitled.
Atlas shrugged; You can, too.

* * * *

No one can ever see, ever do, what they have not learned to see or do.
Large or small, full or empty, the nature-nurture frame of reference is all.

* * * *

There are many writers writing, there are many speakers speaking.
All describing the same mystery though the prisms of different frames of reference.
Different times, different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different everything.
There is no need to favor one over another; only to ascertain if the voice is the same.

* * * *

How can this done-as-quickly-as-it-happens dream of space and time,
Be considered anything more than impromptu theater, full of every imaginable intrigue.
But, for those whose nature-nurture have given the intelligence, the wit, to step outside any and all limits,
It is an opportunity to witness the mystery in whatever way frame of reference allows.

* * * *

Another sack of grist working its way through the mill.
Another escapade, another sorty, another distracting sidebar.
Another undulating wrinkle in the ever-expanding frame of reference.

* * * *

Language, being the ever-changing play of consciousness that it is,
How can there ever be accurate translation between two or more frames of reference?
Even the most sincere, serious, intent, between two like-minds,
Inevitably stumble along unshared trails.

* * * *

Memories are but electromagnetic-chemical reactions, perceived by awareness.
They can never be what really happened from more than a single perspective, yours.
Your frame of reference, your translation, your values, your opinions, your judgments.

* * * *

You can only know the frame of reference
Molded by the habituation of the mind-body

Into which You were cast by the genetic lottery.

* * * *

You can only know what the given frame of reference,
Cast by the nature-nurture of your genetic lottery, allows.

* * * *

Yet another memory joining in with all the others,
Merging together into the synergistic frame of reference,
The dreamtime, in which You imagine your imaginary self, real.

* * * *

To interpret anything clearly, accurately,
The translator must possess a wide-ranging frame of reference,
Including language, history, culture, art, philosophy, folktales, myths, metaphors, symbols,
And whatever else intersects, intertwines, the present context,
With that of the original source.

Soundbites

Ego is attachment to your frame of reference.

* * * *

Are You awareness, this moment? Or frame of reference, this moment?

* * * *

Frame of reference, or awareness without frames?

* * * *

The moment, the now, the huff ‘n puff of the imaginary nature-nurture frame of reference, is all You are.

* * * *

Looking out through the frame of reference is the sure way to participate in the human debacle.

* * * *

All that experience, all that knowledge – that frame of reference – is a burden You need not always carry.

* * * *

What You bring to any classroom is your frame of reference.

* * * *

The accuracy of any translation is always subject to the translator’s frame of reference.

* * * *

Anything You learn is a translation of your frame of reference.

* * * *

Frame of reference, frame of imagination.

Breadcrumbs

This soliloquy is as whole a metaphorical elephant, as this lingual frame of reference can muster.
I being but one of who-knows-how-many scribes expounding the greatest revelation.
Whose handiworks will persevere in the ever-shifting dunes of dreamtime,
Will perhaps be referenced as some future historian's footnote,
Or perhaps, stacked with other esoteric works, on some obscure bookshelf.
Assuming humankind even survives long enough for history to be available for viewing.

* * * *

The frame of reference from whence this work comes,
Has many facets from its walkabout with imagination.

* * * *

The mystery has used this frame of reference to its own ends.

* * * *

Odds are, You would not want to be around me for long bursts, if at all.
My chit-chat is pretty routine, pretty repetitive, pretty mundane, pretty boring, pretty yawn.
I am a recording of a frame of reference, to which relatively few are inclined.

* * * *

Regarding these many thoughts, they are how I see the mystery.
They are my response to the infinity of vagaries in this quantum theater,
As directly and clearly and poignantly articulated, as this frame of reference allows.
As this astonishing dream, this dumbfounding dream, seems to have been programmed to do.
To daily, with Sisyphean effort, push the boulder up the mountain, is not the chore many would think it.
As Camus concluded in his Myth of Sisyphus essay: Sisyphus teaches the higher fidelity,
That negates the gods and raises rocks. He too concludes that all is well.
This universe, henceforth without a master, seems to him neither sterile nor futile.
Each atom of that stone, each mineral flake of that night filled mountain, n itself forms a world.
The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart.
One must imagine Sisyphus happy.

* * * *

The eternal philosopher, historian, anthropologist, scientist, mathematician,
And any other academic arenas this mind was drawn to reconnoiter,
All together, pervade the ever-expanding frame of reference.
So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

* * * *

Yet another distracting sidebar; another ripple in the ever-expanding frame of reference.

* * * *

If parts of this body of work are someday translated into other languages,
Who can ever truly know whether or not the interpretations of the sundry frames of reference,

Are even remotely close to what was intended, envisioned, by this quantum mind,
In the context of the original window of the dream called time.
Beware all translations; especially your own.

* * * *

Always more than a little beyond amazing to watch the tiny seeds of a thought
Evolve from scratch paper to screen, into what You are now reading.
The wonders of this modern age have been invaluable partners
In their bringing this mind's frame of reference, its vision of reality,
To all who have the ears to hear and eyes to see this mystery for themselves.
How fortunate I feel to have been witness to this opus, no matter what becomes of it.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Leftovers

Self-imagery can be a huge stumbling block.
How You discern another, how another discerns You,
Depends very much on how your frames of reference interface,
And there is really nada-nada either of You can do about it,
Except perhaps somehow remain in total detachment,
Which works for about thirteen seconds, at best.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is nothing more than stories born of imagination.
Your story is but a collage of perceptions, all founded on a fabricated frame of reference.
The only story You need to end, is your own; without a story, the incessant inner narration falls silent.
You must let it go, as if it never happened, if You wish to be the eternity You are.
One does not need to forever pretend something that is not real.
Without the story, what is a given moment?

* * * *

Resign yourself to the fact that You will likely decline and fall with a very long list,
Of books and movies and music and whatever, unwatched and unread and unheard and unknown.
The cruel reality is that the most anyone can hope to achieve in this dreamtime mystery,
Is a hearty statistical sample, in whatever frame of reference fate allows.

* * * *

What would You have done with your existence, if You were rich beyond rich?
What would You have done with your existence, if You were poor beyond poor?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, are all relative frames of imaginary reference.
Stars twinkle, suns shine, worlds spin, all the same one, each and every eternal moment.
No matter the seed cast by natural selection, the awareness fills all equally, all indifferently.

* * * *

The world we as a species have fashioned –
Overpopulated, full of violence, poisoned in every way imaginable –
Is not the one for which the hunter-gatherer was designed, and many are suffering for it,
Because their nature-nurture, their frame of reference, does not have what it takes to acclimate.
The rules of the quantum matrix are ever the same, and the nightmare is only just getting underway.

* * * *

Any translator bent on accurate translation,
Requires the wit to ever-expand beyond his limits,
Into whatever frame of reference is posed for translation.
Achieving the most accurate renditions require an earnest diligence,
An inherent integrity, an innate veracity, an intrinsic rightness,
Which who knows, how many, or how few, possess.

* * * *

Every mind has a frame of reference to which it clings.
Science may be more rational and exacting and articulate,
But it is no less a belief system than any other belief system.
Is it even possible to discern and function in absolute relativity?

* * * *

So many people just do not have a big enough picture, a big enough frame of reference,
To comprehend the shit-show that is coming at them.
So it goes.

* * * *

You can only know, You can only draw on, whatever You have experienced,
And how those perceptions spin into relevance of the frame-of-reference variety.

* * * *

Everything You experience is translated by your given nature-nurture frame of reference.
And no matter how diligently You work to expand it, it is ever delineated by its limitations.

* * * *

All the human beings You have known as friends and family;
As lovers, acquaintances, coworkers, strangers, adversaries, enemies,
Have all, each and every one, wrought the frame of reference, of the witness,
The mind, the awareness, the Self, that has chanced upon this aphorism.

* * * *

Each and every moment, each and every perception of your existence,
Is a translation, a rendition, an epiphany, a revelation, an insight,
That is continually incorporated into your frame of reference.
The pattern You are, the part You play, was scripted from the get-go.

Soundbites

A large frame of reference may or may not save You from yourself.

* * * *

Every moment, your frame of reference expands.

* * * *

Every culture has its frame of reference.

* * * *

History is the distillation of current events, and the story teller's frame of reference, and intention.

* * * *

Only the rare few willingly look at anything that does not suit their frame of reference.

* * * *

To expand one's frame of reference to its infinite potential is a rare calling.

Breadcrumbs

In creating this Sisyphean opus, mustered from a hard-earned frame of reference,
Every aphorism is given equal attention; each, gold-standard handcrafted,
To be read by somebody, someday, maybe, though probably not.
Don Quixote battling windmills is a fitting metaphor.

* * * *

I thank the gods every day for being born in the Rome of current times.
And also to have been born a peasant, free of the weight of political and religious dogma.
With enough of an education, enough of a frame of reference, enough of a mind-body, enough of a spirit,
To rationally observe the human paradigm play out, through many lenses, its endless absurdities.

* * * *

This is as earnest a work as this nature-nurture frame of reference can offer,
For whatever dystopian nightmare is coming at this once-upon-a-time immaculate garden.
If You can find something that suits the times better, sally forth,
But not into more absurdity, please.

* * * *

Sure, somebody else probably could have written it better,
But nobody else was willing to do it for nothing,
And had the frame of reference required.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Leftovers

You can only know your own frame of reference.
And that is but a paltry speck, of all that imagination has created,
To distract (and perchance amuse) the fickle awareness, the source of all eternity,
In any given right-here-right-now, unborn-undying moment,
From its ever-present, blissful quietude.

* * * *

What You call your life is really nothing more,
Than an ethereal array of chemically-induced perceptions.
A frame of reference, from which imagination gauges a quantum illusion,
Born of merely five senses – sight, smell, hearing, taste, touch –
Plugged into a gooey vat of neurons, encased in a skull.
Assumptions beyond counting, are requisite.
Keeps imagination very busy, indeed.

* * * *

Nature-nurture frames every mind to play out one dream-identity or another.
In discerning this truth, the secular mind can be recalibrated,
Into the eternal mind, into the eternal life.
Eternal freedom is an ageless walkabout unto thy Self.

* * * *

It is but a world-wide collusion of imagination.
Every mind a unique spin of its nature-nurtured frame of reference.
All hypnotized, all mesmerized, by a dreamtime reality, only the rarest minds can discern,
And even they are swept up in this delusional, Shakespearian, théâtre de l'absurde.
This whirling-twirling pale blue dot, upon which we all are marooned.

* * * *

Continuity is imagination's fallacious delusion, over the mind-body's sensory-born illusion.
The delusion fashioned by its intoxication with the vague perceptions,
The frame of reference, posted on its neuron trails.
It is the deception, the irony and paradox, of consciousness,
In its usurpation of the awareness, its usurpation of the timeless moment,
To seemingly fly through the eternal stillness, upon its magic carpet of space and time.
It is Shakespearian cuisine, upon a quantum stage, whereupon the mystery-born sentience, forges all.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, the dreamtime,
You see, You hear, You taste, You smell, You feel,
Is but an ever-expanding frame of reference, You alone imagine.

* * * *

Every awakening is its own mind.
Every awakening is its own dream.
Every awakening is its own story.
Every awakening is its own time.
Every awakening is its own space.
Every awakening is its own pattern.
Every awakening is its own frame.
Every awakening is its own stage.
Every awakening is its own tempo.
Every awakening is its own blend.
Every awakening is its own values.
Every awakening is its own fluency.
Every awakening is its own dark.
Every awakening is its own gray.
Every awakening is its own light.
Every awakening is its own display.
Every awakening is its own muddle.
Every awakening is its own mania.
Every awakening is its own agony.
Every awakening is its own ecstasy.
Every awakening is its own clarity.
Every awakening is its own logic.
Every awakening is its own merit.
Every awakening is its own lucidity.
Every awakening is its own menagerie.
Every awakening is its own beginning.
Every awakening is its own process.
Every awakening is its own end.

No two alike.

* * * *

It only happened that way, because You perceived it that way.
And anyone else present perceived it in their way.
Every frame of reference is matchless.
All histories, minor to major, are but perspectives.
And is there anything forcing You to ponder anything ever again?

* * * *

Everything You – perceived, thought, believed, hoped, dreamed – happened, in any given moment,
Is entirely constructed by your lifetime's accumulated nature-nurture frame-of-reference.
All the incalculable perceptions that your mind-body has wandered and retained.
And the reality is, that it can all, never be more, than a vague and ever-changing perception.

Soundbites

All imaginary notion to the contrary, You are not your frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Leftovers

Every life form is completely alone for all eternity, all equally created of the same ineffable mystery.
Everyone wanders – a labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle – of their own imaginary design.
Philosophical inquiry by those who answer the call of eternity, is rarely without great time and effort.
How can there be a point, when the moment passes too quickly, for one to land, much less stick.

* * * *

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

* * * *

Hard to debate someone, who will not, cannot, look at, or listen to,
Something, anything, their given frame of reference does not allow.

* * * *

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

* * * *

For You to be reading, to be pondering, anything in these many pages,
Means that it resonates with your inner vision of this mystery theater.
All are drawn to whatever suits their ever-expanding frame of reference.
And if this is your moment to embrace the totality, these words are for You.

* * * *

To what degree does anyone awaken, in a mystery that is immeasurably immaculate?
To what degree does anyone awaken, in a dream that is nothing more than quantum illusion?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when they are totally alone in a pristine state of awareness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but a neural network of ecstasies and agonies?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is a solitary invention, an absolute handiwork?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when within their sensory theater, they are sovereign witness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when tribal associations and alliances no longer hold sway?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but an imaginary frame of reference?
And to what degree does any degree prevail, when no degree exists in this indivisible matrix?

* * * *

Like snowflakes, like fingerprints,
No two dreamtimes, no two frames of reference,
Even once exactly the same, across this entire ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Every mind has its own indivisible frame of reference.
You and everyone else have a completely unique perspective.
No translation, no rendition, no interpretation, can ever be the same.

* * * *

There it was, right there, right then,
And now, gone, gone, forever gone.
Naught but a flicker upon a neuron trail.
A perception in a mortal frame of reference.

* * * *

Any memory, any history, is the fluke of any given neural matrix,
And all the many perceptions of an ever-streaming dream.
Can any family, any tribe, any society, hold fast,
Without a binding communal vision,
A frame of reference upon which all agree?

* * * *

That memory, that perception, that vision, that insight, from the way back when,
Is no more or less real, than the memory-perception-vision-insight kaleidoscoped through just now.
Nor is it any more or less real, than the projected future imagined by the frame of reference,
Playing out in the space-time, that does not exist, has never existed, will never exist.
The eternal moment, the eternal ever-present, the eternal awareness, is all.

* * * *

What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent,
Than the dimensionless, immaculate awareness, permeating all eternity.
It is through naught but a frame of reference that You perceive your universe.
Call it by whatever sound, whatever vibration, You will … You are it, and it is You.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, is an ever-changing set of mind-body perceptions,
That hinge on age, on frame of reference, on what is remembered, on what is forgotten,
On what is valued, on what is not, and in large part, on the circumstances of the given moment.
There is no right or wrong to it … there is simply the … it is what is … so it goes … of it.
The challenge, is realizing that the real You is not the sensory-bound mind-body.
That You are none of it, have never been any of it, will never be any of it.

* * * *

What any given mind-body perceives, is distilled by its own frame of reference,
Into its own account, its own narrative, its own chronicle, its own story, its own saga.

* * * *

Sometimes frameless in eternal awareness, sometimes framed in mundane imagination;
Sometimes detached, unborn-undying, inscrutable; sometimes attached, temporal;
You ever in the indifferent moment, wander a kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

* * * *

Truth cannot be taught.
Everyone is entirely on their own,
And whatever any mind ‘gets’ or ‘does not get’,
Is absolutely based on a frame of reference only it perceives.
All the ‘belief’ systems of the human paradigm wander well beyond absurdity.
What inspires any seer, any sage, to craft a venue to share their insights?
Where would any be if we had never penned or uttered a word?
Had all our so many ponderings never been imparted?
The silent mind is an impenetrable emptiness,
Untarnished by any irony, any paradox,
Ever contrived by imagination.

* * * *

The reality is, any given reader may or may not grasp thoughts such as these as they were meant.
The reflections offered are ever subject to the frame of reference of the observer.
No thinker, no philosopher, can ever presume his or her views,
Will not be used for unintended purpose.

* * * *

Detachment is not an ideal, nor is it a goal, nor is it a principle.
It is a state, a frame, a quality, a serenity, of mind,
Free of desire, free of fear, free of dread,
Free of any passion, whatsoever.
It is the You, it is the Self,
At the most natural, essential core.
This dream is always in turmoil and conflict.
To amble through it, placidly detached, is the challenge.

The Return to Wonder

X

Once You own any thought, any concept, any impression,
Once any perception is added to the dynamic of your frame of reference,
The insights it reveals, mix-and-match-new-and-unique,
Double-double-toil-and-trouble meld,
Into the witch's brew of your paradigm stew.

XII

The potential of concept is that the essence of many things can be clearly discerned
Without ever having to experience them in the first person
Once the frame of reference
Has the depth and breadth of an abundant life.

XXV

All frames of reference are bound by the limitations of imagination.

XXXVII

What are You in the world
But a temporal frame of reference,
A brief reckoning upon which your version
Of the universe rises and sets in eternity's light show.

* * * *

You would probably laugh,
If a strain of bacteria in a petri dish,
Thought their jelly world was the core of all.
Is your sensory frame of reference,
Really all that different?

XLVIII

Those who read these thoughts, will find in them what they are prepared to see.
All will discern them differently according to their frame of reference.
Remember that they are only the filament of consciousness;
All fashioned by a matchless manifest perception.
All of which, are merely the mystery dreaming a dream real.

LVIII

The other has the frame of reference You give it.

LXVIII

These many reflections are the way it is, as seen through this scribe's frame of reference.
Many are of his view of the ineffable, while others sally willy-nilly here and there.
You may envision something entirely different, and that is your prerogative.
And in that, You are your truth, your life, your way, eye of all creation.
Our differences will ever be but delusions of the same mystery.

LXXXI

The world is filled with so many human beings,
Most of whom lack a far-sighted vision,
Of where their world is headed.
Eight billion-plus frames of reference.
So many in division and resistance and disintegration.
Competing, thieving, lying, cheating, stealing, manipulating, killing.
Conquering and destroying in every conceivable manner.
The cancer of imagination chews its own paw,
In a destiny born of its own making.

CVI

How challenging to realize fully:
All judgments, meaningless;
All measurements, useless;
All differences, contrived;
All standards, fabricated;
All frames of reference, relative.
You are all, You are none, and all is one.

CX

Every concept expands your frame of reference, but in the end, what good will all that filler be?

CXI

The knower discerns only a limited frame of reference.
Wisdom is the extrapolation of the distillation of experience.
Of consciousness, kaleidoscoping through the mystery of awareness.

CXVI

Anytime a mythology is adopted, it is uniquely fashioned within each dreamy frame of reference.

* * * *

You never know what skills, what frame of reference, will be useful to your future.

CXVII

Without the grace of insight, even an infinity of frames of reference, will not awaken the buddha nature.

CXXI

Once You step outside,
Your first frame of reference,
No wall can ever stand firm again.

CXXII

These thoughts are aimed at the heart of the matter.
Attached to no tradition, no frame of reference,
They are free of all time-bound assumptions.

* * * *

One's creation is another's destruction.
Every frame of reference has its persuasion.

CXXXVI

How often a deep understanding of the motivation,
The line of thinking, the frame of reference,
Behind another's vexing actions,
Softens, perhaps even dispels the judgment.

CXLVI

Anything can be translated accurately or inaccurately; frame of reference is all.

* * * *

Enlarge your world, enlarge your universe, enlarge your frame of reference,
Until all boundaries, all limits, fall away, and You are the grace of mystery.

CXLVIII

With any interpretation, with any translation, with any paraphrase, with any summary,
How can one not alter, change, revise, amend, modify, lose, some meaning, some nuance?
Even with a common language, every mind is harbor to its own frame-of-reference rendition.

CLXXVII

Some might call it insanity; others, a frame of reference given over to the mystery.

CLXXXI

To rationalize this mystery, peoples across the world,
Fashion metaphorical tools from their frames of reference.
Pre-technological times formed metaphors grounded in nature.
The agents of these our modern times look to creations of the mind,
Grounded in all the trappings of so-called civilized existence.
It is off-the-rails anarchy, rooted in vanity and greed.

* * * *

Any given frame of reference is expanded with every experience.
To extrapolate into every frame of reference imaginable,
Takes one into the realm of the indivisible.

CXCI

Ignorance comes in all shapes and sizes; intelligence crosses all frames and references.

CXCIII

A frame of reference, that is all-encompassing, is a bit challenging to define.

CCV

A frame reference so all-inclusive, as to make any boundary or difference, all but meaningless.

CCVII

Who is not attached to the frame of reference, with which they are most familiar?

CCIX

Within the stillness of space, how would time, how would direction, be known?
Without the manifestation of stardust, there can be no frame of reference,

To gain foothold in the endless whimsies of illusion and delusion.

CCXXII

None will ever have the same frame reference.
Every dream is unique in its snowflake indivisibility,
And the pretensions of imitation or collusion,
Only multiply the pangs of suffering.

CCXXIV

The subtlety of words depends upon the potion they brew,
Within the mind of any given recipient's frame of reference.

CCXXVII

Different frames of reference,
Different capacities and limitations,
Differences of every sort,
Are that by which,
All life forms live and die.

CCXXVIII

Attaining heaven on earth,
Is merely bending one's frame of reference,
Towards compassionate choices.

CCXXXVI

Journey as far and wide as You will across this universe,
It will ever be the same moment, the same indelible mystery.
No matter the guise, no matter the structure, no matter the passage.
No matter anything designed and maintained by the frame of reference.

CCXLIII

Insanity is just a dysfunctional frame of reference, seeking balance in its own peculiar manner.

CCXLVII

For You to grasp words of wisdom,
You must have, through the distillation of life experience,
Through the cultivation of a frame reference that encompasses and embraces the all,

Discerned the awareness, the inner light, that is your eternal birthright.

CCLXI

Whose existence does not appear somewhat egocentric or bizarre or insane,
When observed relatively by another, who does not judge all things,
From their frame of reference, from their version of normal.

CCLXXXIX

True madness knows no boundaries.
A frame of reference beyond compare.

* * * *

Small frames of reference generally seem to make for narrow points of view.

CCXCIV

Just scribing a vision: No worries, move on, if your frame of reference does not allow it.

* * * *

To fully hear any speaker, You must first be receptive to the frame of reference.

* * * *

Every frame of reference, no matter how large, discerns its boundaries.

CCXCV

Any translation is only as accurate as the frame of reference of the translator.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!